I see as in a mappe the ende of all.
Du. Accurſed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eies beheld?
My husband loſt his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt:
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and loſſe,
And being ſeated and domeſtike broiles,
Cleane ouerblowne themſelues, the conquerours
Make warre vpon themſelues, bloud againſt bloud,
Selfe againſt ſelfe, O prepoſterous
And frantike outrage, ende thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come come my boy, we will to ſanctuary:
Dut. Ile go along with you.
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Car. My gratious Lady go,
And thither beare your treaſure and your goods,
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace
The ſeale I keepe, and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours:
Come Ile conduct you to the ſanctuary. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets ſound. Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (ber.

Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London to your cham-
Glo. Welcome deare Coſen my thoughts ſoueraigne,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prin. No Vncle, but our croſſes on the way
Haue made it tedious, weariſome, and heauy:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Thoſe Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their ſugred words,
But looke not on the poiſon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.
Prin.

Pri. God keepe me from falſe friends, but they wer none.
Glo. My Lo, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo:M. God bleſſe your grace with health and happy daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lo: and thanke you all:
I thought my mother, and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come, or no. (*Enter L. Haſt.*
Buck. And in good time, here comes the ſweating Lo:
Pri. Welcome my Lo: what will our mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion, God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother and your brother Yorke
Haue taken ſanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lo: Cardinall will your grace
Perſwade the Queene to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely brother preſently?
If ſhe deny, Lo: Haſtings go with him,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo: of Buckingham, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anone expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God in heauen forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge
Of bleſſed ſanctuary, not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of ſo deepe a ſinne.
Buck. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate my Lo:
Too ceremonious and traditionall:
Weigh it but with the groſſenes of this age.
You breake not ſanctuary in ſeazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerude the place,
And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,
And therefore in mine opinion, cannot haue it.